And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.
Hora. What if it tempt you towards the floud my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe
That bettels ore his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme
Which might deprriue your Soueraigntie of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe, thinke of it,
The verie place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes ſo many fadomes to the Sea
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each pettie attire in this bodie
As hardie as the *Nemean* Lions nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me,
I ſay away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*
Hora. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after; to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmarke.*
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile go no further.
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come
When I to ſulphrous and tormenting flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

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